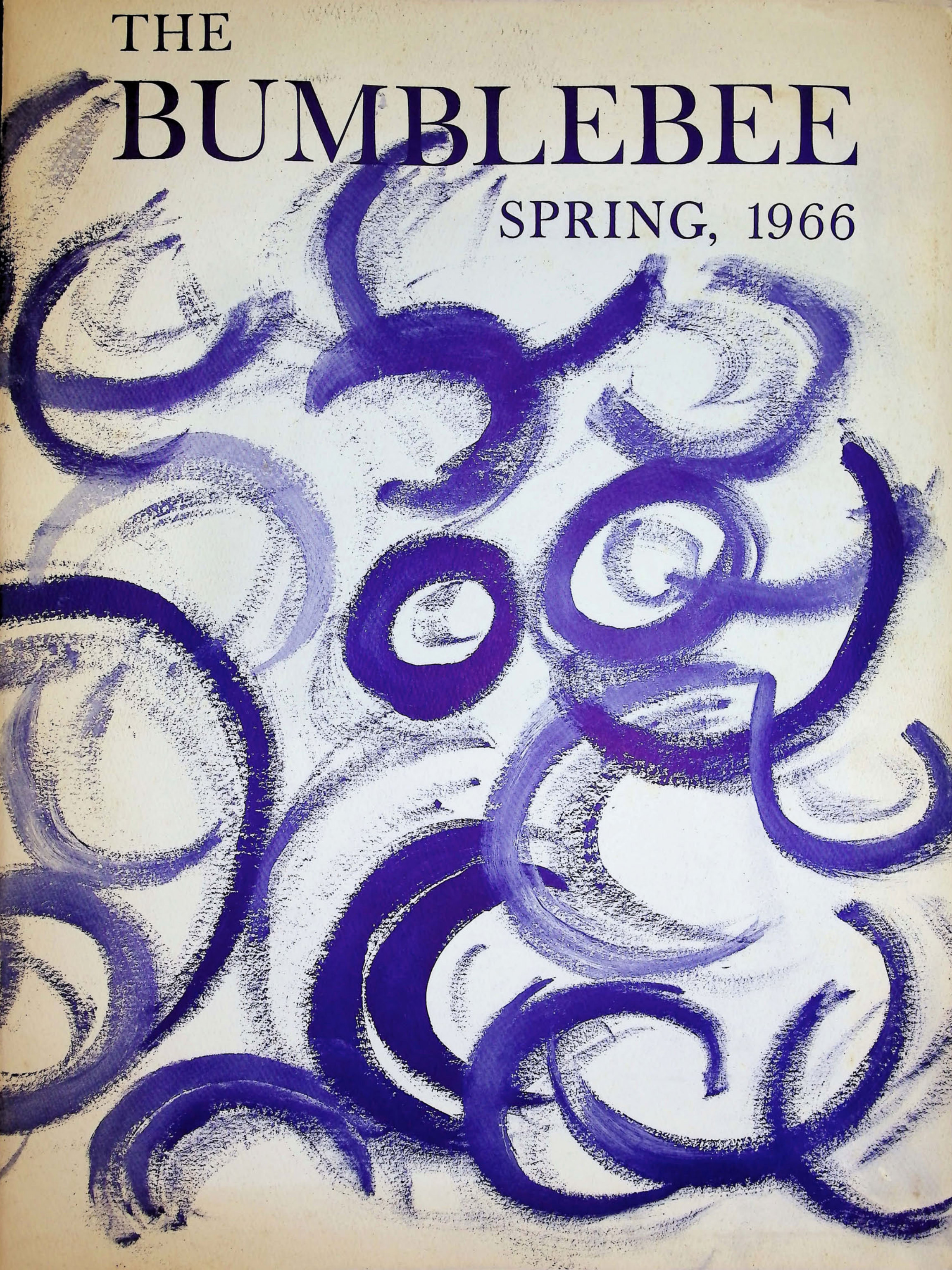


THE

BUMBLEBEE

SPRING, 1966



Mad is the word in fashion. The wilder, the more impractical, the more insane the clothes are, the more "in" they are. Play at inspiration. Be imaginative, be creative—for better or worse. If it's ugly, that's all right. It just has to be different. Here is individualism in the great American tradition. Here are . . . Americans the Beautiful.

Something appropriate for a little visit to Mr. N. Hand woven, hand dipped Peruvian llama fur pours from the hips, topped by a demure inky black sweater top. Ear loops of hammered silver mimic innocent daisy chains. Drape to be found at Inspirations Unlimited, \$1,872.



THE BUMBLEBEE

SPRING

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX

Lane High School

Charlottesville, Virginia



WHY DID WE DO WHAT WE DID?

because beauty in quantity is better than beauty not in quantity—because it satisfies our souls to wallow in the luxuriousness of the greater largeness—because it lets in more sunshine—because it is a mad, marvelous thing to do—because things that are not mad and marvelous are not worth doing—because our souls crave the space—because the greater size can be beautiful without being gaudy—because if a thing is not either beautiful or madly wonderful, it is worthless—because someday we would like to make it even larger—because a larger page can be loved more—because . . . well, try it on yourself.

people

<i>Magnificent Editor</i>	FRED NICHOLS
<i>Second Most Magnificent Editor</i>	NANCY WILLIAMS
<i>Non-Conforming Poetry Editor</i>	MARY LEE UPDIKE
<i>Mad Art Editor</i>	TAM ROOP
<i>Stupenous Exchange Editor</i>	TERI SUE SKINNER
<i>Prize Winning Wheeler Dealer Manager</i>	PHIL CAWLEY
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	DONNA CRAVEN
<i>Screaming ninnies</i>	MRS. CHARLES BEHLEN
	MR. FRANCIS CRADDOCK
	MRS. KATHERINE MEADE

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17

Let us gather broken stars.
We can do no worse
Than to seize cold weapons
And file to our deaths
In the inky night.

Let us go and sleep with our friends
While those coins of hate,
The bullets, grow rusty and die,
As fangless we stroll thru pure forests
In the warm morning.

-Ted Garnett '68

Sail

By Ted Garnett '68

My parents had allowed me to bring my little sailboat to the seaside only on the condition that I not sail it in the ocean.

"The surf is too rough," said my father, "that flyweight cockleshell would flip over and drown you before you got beyond the breakers."

"But, Dad."

"Besides," he chuckled, "you're still an income tax exemption." Unamused, I stalked from the room.

Three days later, the family drove into Beachtown, with the green boat tied to the roof of the omnibus, and a scowling, sullen navigator in the back. Before reaching the town, we drove past miles of ocean, and the beautiful azure water made me ache.

I saw myself as a kind of youthful Hemingway-man-against-the-elements in my styrofoam sloop. The placid lake-sailing I had done in the spring had been boring and frustrating. I wanted the limitless wind and water of greater challenges.

I knew that I was a skillful sailor; I knew the tricky sail and precarious balance of the tiny dinghy. My mother's countenance had grown haggard when she had seen me lean out and perform tricky maneuvers in the gusts of mountain lakes.

I decided that at the first opportunity, I would secretly put forth on the sea.

The chance came on the second day of our sojourn at the shore. Everyone was either sleeping in the cottage or away in the town, shopping.

I crept away from the cottage, grabbed the light hull and sail, and took off for the beach. I took no life-jacket, having dismissed that as a superfluous nuisance.

The swift breeze whirled specks of sand at me as I dragged the light boat near the surf. The sail, mast, and centerboard-rudder were tied neatly to the bottom of the boat. I planned to assemble them once I had pushed the dinghy past the breakerline. Oh naiveté!

The small-looking waves bashed me and my burden against the sloppy sand, scorching back and butt. Finally, after a furious shove on my port, the craft drifted out past the curl and thunder.

I clambered in and gaspingly set up the rudder and keel and sat back for a moment.

Then, I hoisted the bedsheet-sized sail. Instantly the wind filled it. The boat heeled over and shipped gallons of water. Panic-stricken, I bailed with sore palms, and tried to control the flapping sail.

A lull in the breeze gave a few moments reprieve. I was out in the ocean at last, sailing.

I began to enjoy it. A renewed wind caught the taut sail and the "Flyweight" handled the slapping swells like a true sail-fish. Holding the sail's rope on my wrist in a noose, I felt the boat speed along the water. There was the exhilaration of leaning out off the slippery edges for balance as the craft zoomed through the furrows.

Then I looked shoreward. It seemed very far away. I decided to head back, and tried to tack around, but the accursed off-shore wind was wrong. I was being pushed further out to sea. I was scared!

The sail was useless now. As I splashed impotently with palms, very little progress was made. The beach was as far away as ever.

The afternoon sky had darkened, and the air was more chilly. The waves had become larger and stronger with the impending tide. I wanted desperately to reach the shore. There was only one thing left to do. Imagining murderous sharks and sea-serpents, I slid hesitantly over the side. I swam around to the stern and began pushing, swimming the dead boat shoreward.

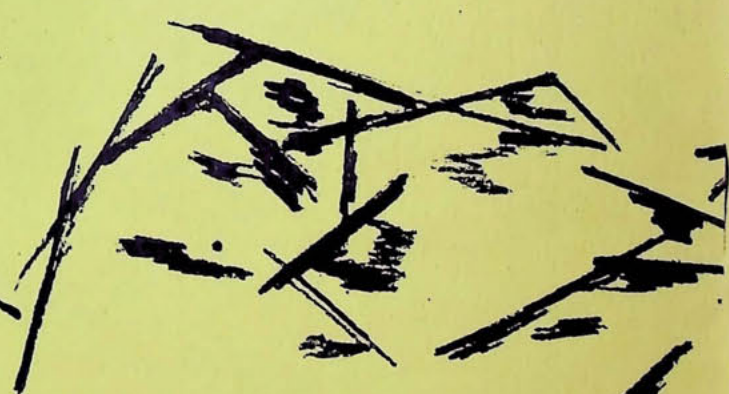
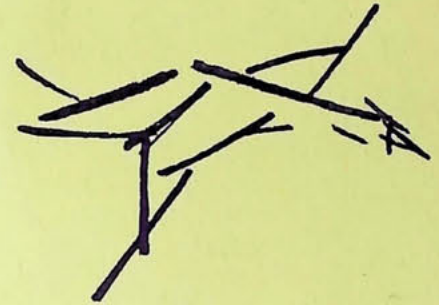
After a quarter-hour struggle, I was nearly faint from exhaustion. The chore was like pushing a stalled car along an uphill road. Finally, as I neared the breakerline, I closed my eyes and, arm leaning on the thwart, rested.

Suddenly an enormous comber from across the world thundered right behind. I caught a single glimpse of its size before it swept me, at a terrible speed, toward the sand. As the great wave arched over in a final curve, I opened my stinging eyes and awaited doom.

I hit the sand first, then the boat hit my back. Dazed and choked with foul salt water, I lay in the dredges of the undertow. Suddenly people were standing around, asking me if I was O.K.

My back and arms and knees were planes of burned red abrasions. My back felt like a tank-tread.

My father miraculously appeared at my side. I expected him to explode with anger, but he just laughed and helped me pull the boat home.



I was awakened by the wind and the waves pounding on the shore—a most frightening and yet exciting sound. At first, I was panicky. Today was the day, the one I had planned for, and now I was scared to death. I lay there for what seemed like hours, building up my nerve. Finally I slipped out from under the covers and tiptoed to the veranda that crosses the second floor of our house. The beach was two hundred yards away, and I was hardly able to distinguish the sea from the land. I leaned on the black iron railing and stared into the darkness, staring without reason or thought.

Suddenly I turned and walked back to my room. Without lights I dressed and stuffed a bulky sweater into my over-sized pocketbook. As I stood there barefoot on the cool linoleum, I realized the wind was beginning to subside. It's funny how one's hearing improves in the dark. Taking my suitcase out of the closet, I crossed my room to the door. I paused with my hand on the knob. Indecision gripped me, but I shook it off and silently opened the door. Carrying my purse, suitcase, and a pair of sandals, I quietly walked down the hall and descended the stairs. On the last step I stopped and looked at the small clock on the nearby telephone table. Its luminous face read 3:45 a.m. With toes of caution, I crept out the front door. I sat on one of the white wicker chairs on the porch and put on my sandals.

The wind blew my hair in a thousand directions and the waves still beat on the shore. I crossed the dew-wet grass, avoiding the crunchy gravel driveway. As I walked the three quarters of a mile to the bus terminal, I didn't look back at our house or think of my parents or think about my cat who was probably roaming the neighborhood. I wanted to, but if I did I knew I would turn around toward home.

The Waves Still Beat

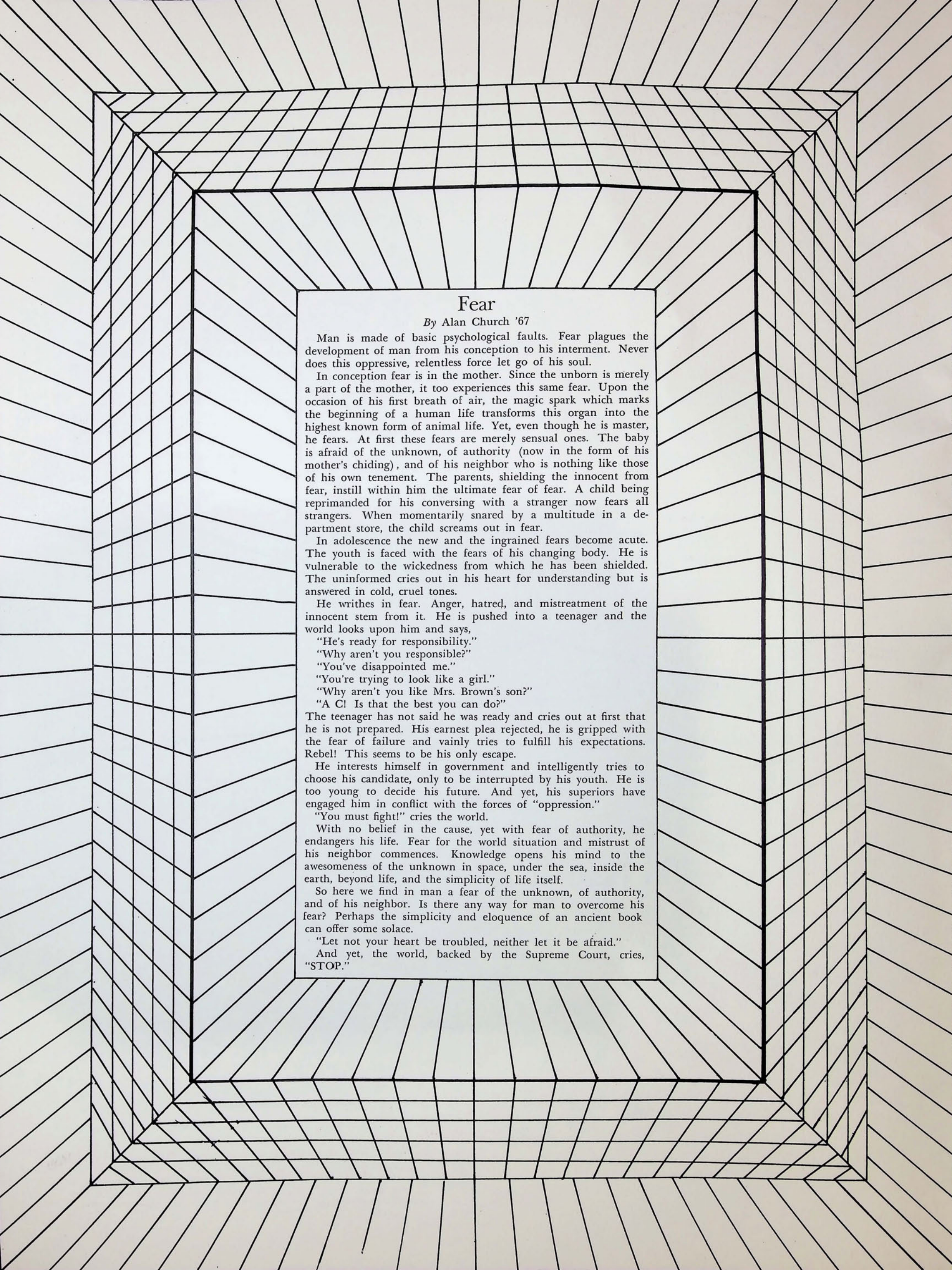
By Ellen Taylor '66

Then suddenly I was there. I pushed open the glass door and entered the station. I walked over to the ticket agent and bought a ticket to Atlanta. Why did I choose Atlanta? Perhaps because it was far away, but not too far, big enough, but not too big. I looked at the big wall clock. It was 4:08 a.m. My bus would leave at 5:15 a.m. One hour and seven minutes. More than an hour in a dull, dreary bus terminal. Slowly I looked around the large waiting room. The lunch counter was closed and the lights were only on a small portion of the room. The only people there were the ticket agent and me.

I felt myself slipping and I began to think of home—a crazy assortment of thoughts from Christmas to my distant relatives who say nothing but, "My, how she has grown." Minutes passed, an hour passed, and the Atlanta bus arrived. One old lady walked into the waiting room, a tired old woman, wearing a wrinkled grey dress and carrying a beat-up five and ten cent store suitcase.

Slowly I got up and walked to the glass door. But this was the wrong door; it did not lead to the awaiting bus, but to home. I opened the door and stepped into the wind. I was going home—home where I belonged. I began to walk faster and faster, until I almost ran. Why had I wanted to leave home? There had been no fight, no hatred or discontentment. I had left to be independent. Independent like the old lady at the bus terminal, sad and alone? But I had matured more in the past hour than I would in years of independence. Then I was home; home where I could love and be loved; home with its joy and comfort. Our home.

I walked across the dew-wet grass and sat on the porch to remove my sandals. I opened the front door, tiptoed up the stairs and into my room. I returned my suitcase to the closet and dropped my purse and sandals on my bed. Walking out into the veranda, I leaned on the black iron railing and looked to the beach. The sun's first rays glimmered on the sea. The wind still blew, but not so strong. The waves still pounded, but not so hard.



Fear

By Alan Church '67

Man is made of basic psychological faults. Fear plagues the development of man from his conception to his interment. Never does this oppressive, relentless force let go of his soul.

In conception fear is in the mother. Since the unborn is merely a part of the mother, it too experiences this same fear. Upon the occasion of his first breath of air, the magic spark which marks the beginning of a human life transforms this organ into the highest known form of animal life. Yet, even though he is master, he fears. At first these fears are merely sensual ones. The baby is afraid of the unknown, of authority (now in the form of his mother's chiding), and of his neighbor who is nothing like those of his own tenement. The parents, shielding the innocent from fear, instill within him the ultimate fear of fear. A child being reprimanded for his conversing with a stranger now fears all strangers. When momentarily snared by a multitude in a department store, the child screams out in fear.

In adolescence the new and the ingrained fears become acute. The youth is faced with the fears of his changing body. He is vulnerable to the wickedness from which he has been shielded. The uninformed cries out in his heart for understanding but is answered in cold, cruel tones.

He writhes in fear. Anger, hatred, and mistreatment of the innocent stem from it. He is pushed into a teenager and the world looks upon him and says,

"He's ready for responsibility."

"Why aren't you responsible?"

"You've disappointed me."

"You're trying to look like a girl."

"Why aren't you like Mrs. Brown's son?"

"A C! Is that the best you can do?"

The teenager has not said he was ready and cries out at first that he is not prepared. His earnest plea rejected, he is gripped with the fear of failure and vainly tries to fulfill his expectations. Rebel! This seems to be his only escape.

He interests himself in government and intelligently tries to choose his candidate, only to be interrupted by his youth. He is too young to decide his future. And yet, his superiors have engaged him in conflict with the forces of "oppression."

"You must fight!" cries the world.

With no belief in the cause, yet with fear of authority, he endangers his life. Fear for the world situation and mistrust of his neighbor commences. Knowledge opens his mind to the awesomeness of the unknown in space, under the sea, inside the earth, beyond life, and the simplicity of life itself.

So here we find in man a fear of the unknown, of authority, and of his neighbor. Is there any way for man to overcome his fear? Perhaps the simplicity and eloquence of an ancient book can offer some solace.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

And yet, the world, backed by the Supreme Court, cries, "STOP."

Lindsay Rockingham III loved to smush ants. He would sit contentedly on the walk in front of the plantation's main house and squash the poor creatures to smithereens. Mrs. Rockingham worried about her son. Seeing his sadistic smile as he discovered a new ant hill was more than she could bear. Finally she ventured, "Lindsay, dahling, why do you insist on making a game of killing ants?"

"Dear, dear Marm," Lindsay began, "I'm doing them a favor. What kind of life is an endless labor of hunting food, building temporary shelters of sand, and crawling around in the dirt!"

"Nonsense, child! An ant has no feeling. I forbid you to employ yourself in such a ridiculous pastime again."

"All right, Marm, have your own way. I shan't protect the little creatures any longer."

Mrs. Rockingham strutted back into the house, wondering how long she must put up with her eccentric stepson. "I never have understood that boy . . . nothing at all like his father. We should have left him in New York with his mother," she thought. At the same time, Lindsay, who had maintained his composure during his mother's interrogation, fled into the meadow, tears thickening his grey-blue eyes. Moments later he sat down beside his tall, sturdy friend and related the incident to him. Though his friend remained silent, Lindsay knew that he understood—the tree always understood. Sometimes its green leaves would whisper sympathies; sometimes, like this time, the tree remained quiet.

Lindsay pillowed his head on his arms and began to devise ways to help the defenseless without provoking his mother to anger. Suddenly he jumped up, ecstatic with the force of his idea. "Marm hates the farm slaves. She wouldn't mind if I . . ." Lindsay flew back to the house, ran to his room, and grabbed a blanket and bolster from his bed. Then he strode casually from the house, whistling "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." As he approached the slaves' quarters, he ceased whistling. "I shan't bother to wake Mammy Jane's new baby," he said aloud. Cautiously, he tiptoed into the shabby hut. The baby lay peacefully, naked and unattended, in a wicker basket on the floor. Lindsay spread the blanket over its entire body. Then, placing the pillow gently over its head, he laid his own head on top of the pillow, applying just enough pressure to smother the child.

"Well, Mammy Jane's little baby, I have freed you from the toils of slavery. My father won't beat you for working slow, the sun won't scorch your head in the cottonfields—you're free! Do you hear?" Lindsay ran from the shack, his face glowing with the knowledge that he had served mankind.

Hours later Mammy Jane told "Massa" Rockingham about her dead baby. Preoccupied with the business affairs of the plantation, Mr. Rockingham muttered something about getting a real wooden casket to console her and showed the weeping Negro to the back door. Then he called his wife into the living room and told her the story Mammy Jane had related to him.

"Did you say smothered, my deah?" said his wife, trying hard to control the corners of her mouth.

"Yes, here's the blanket and the pillow!" replied her husband disgustedly.

Mrs. Rockingham immediately recognized Lindsay's bed clothes and summoned him to the room. Lindsay appeared instantly, grinning, and beaming with pride. His mother's harsh tone shocked him into the realization that she was angry again. Then his father began yelling and beating Lindsay's face with his fists. He struggled to release himself from his father's grasp and fled from the house once more to the meadow. The moon was dim and Lindsay had some trouble finding his friend. Eventually he spotted the stately tree and, pressing his arms about its trunk, he wept bitterly. The tree wailed as the powerful wind molested its branches. Lindsay pushed away his tears and began to caress the tree. The tree could not be consoled, however, and Lindsay felt sure that the burden of someone else's sorrows was too great for the tree to bear. He was ashamed of himself for submitting the tree to such anguish. "How could I do this to you, my loyal friend? Please forgive me!" Lindsay moaned.

His heart torn and crushed, Lindsay's legs crumbled beneath the tree. This time no tears shadowed his thoughts; he knew that the tree deserved protection. He hesitated no longer but hurried back to the house. He lit a candle and groped his way down the stairs into the cold cellar. Pulling the saw from the tool box, he skipped up the stairs, the previous anxiety in his boyish face replaced by enthusiasm for his new plan. The anticipation of freeing his friend gave Lindsay a self-satisfied feeling, and upon reaching his treasured hermitage, he began vigorously sawing the sturdy trunk. He worked continuously for an hour and a half, at the same time explaining to the tree the sweetness of death compared to the bitterness of life.

A broad smile covered Lindsay's face as he heard a tremendous crack. The trunk began to bend slowly. He watched and listened intently, trying to hear some expression of relief from the tree as it fell.

Lindsay saw the tree coming toward him, and he reached out his arms to receive its affectionate "Thank you." Moments later Lindsay lay still—smashed like an ant.

Euthanasia

By Rachael Paschall '66



Once By The Chanting

By Joe Stallings

Once by the chanting ranting sea,
sad, oil sea, chilling mornfully
for all to hear.
Not caring if the pea green sky
felt at home or not
surrounded by the multitude,
alone, a gull was dying.

Blood hounding, the flesh worms came
lip smacking, sneering for their pleasure.
Sour as lemon the flesh and mind beckoned,
called out the joke of all time
and was answered simultaneously by the
multitude.

The multitude chanted the gull's
destruction, the oil sea chanted
the gull's destruction, the gull's
lover, moss-hearted, lovingly chanted
the gull's destruction.

The raisin bread sand, the pea
green sky, alone fought for the
gulls survival. Wonderingly confused,
the gull's life flared as a sparkler on a
fourth of July.

Lonely, surrounded by the multitude
the gull died, the flesh worms
left the gull, the multitude
was dissolved by the pea green
sky and the raisin bread sand.
Now, only the gull's lover, stands,
lovingly weeping the gull's death.

Again

By NANCY WILLIAMS '66

When you were bad and I had to punish you,
Remember that today it has helped you.
If I knocked your head against the wall,
It was because there was something bothering me.
I didn't mean to be so hateful, but
I was sick at times and I did crazy things.
When you took a nickel from your Grand-
Father without asking, you had to be punished.
Have you forgotten the beating I gave you
With that colored bead belt of mine?
I know you haven't because I can remember
You crying. Crying as if your heart were broken.

I had no education, so I was unable to get
A good job. And we went hungry at times.
I ran around with indecent people, and
I drank until I could hardly stand.
But all these things I've done, I did because
I started on the wrong track of life when I was young.
I've tried to get back on the right track,
But it's too late now, and it can't be done.
You have suffered much because of me, but
You have learned temperance and sympathy.
You have nice manners and a happy smile,
And you will be loved by him all the time.
You make him feel wanted and you under-
stand him too. He's so very much like you.
You'll get along fine. You'll conquer the world,
And you'll stay on the right track of life.
You won't make your children suffer by
Being mean, but will make them happy and gleeful.
You won't tell them of me. Of the terrible
Mother who has no reputation or respect.
There's one thing you should never forget,
That even though I am in hospital care,
I have been a good Mother to you, and you
Should be ashamed that you left me here.
You left me here in this dump while you
Live, being loved and fed and always.....happy!

She was strapped to her bed that after-
noon because her mind was wandering.
AGAIN.....

Shadows

By VALERIE HOFFMAN '68

The merest shadow
of a dream
I find it
lurking
in dark corners
It follows me
wherever I go
And it haunts me.
A shadow
eclipsed by other shadows
And yet I find it
despite other shadows
of other dreams.
A shadow which
haunts me
in each day of living
A painful dream
but one without which
I cannot exist.
I see his face
in each dark corner
and in each shadow
I sense his thoughts
when I cannot see his face
in a crowd.
I hear his voice
in the shadows of night
when he is not there
I feel his dreams
in murky shadows
of murky dreams.
For he is
a shadow
of a dream.
The dream?
Love.

Forsaken

By NANCY FEIL '66

Bachelor's buttons adorn your dress,
Forget-me-nots are in your hair,
Heart's-ease is pinned against your breast,
And sad eyes gaze through empty air.

A wish, a sigh, a hope, a tear,
Staying through the darkest night . . .
Yearning to bring the far to near,
Seeking now to spark the light.

Desiring but to see his face,
To claim the hand that guards his heart,
To love once more his charm, his grace,
And from him ne'er again to part.

Young maid, your chance has come and gone.
There is no way to change the past.
The rage that sent your love away
Did end his love for you at last.

Advice to Young Men on Early Marriage

By GAIL SHIFFLETT '66

Be warned, young men, when in your prime,
'Twill be best if then you marry,
For if you ignore the flight of time
You will find the girls grown wary!

For females look with kindly eye
On handsome young men of twenty,
But balding bachelors with hairline high
Will find girls in no great plenty.

Therefore, be wise, and choose your wife
While the field is wide and varied,
For if you delay too late in life
The best will long ago be married!

Struggle of Thought

By NANCY FEIL '66

Black, damp muck
stretches before,
sharp rocks shred
hands and knees,
pungent earth-smell
stifles breath
and
presses
down
through strangled pores.
Belly scrapes, back rasps
between narrowed
shrinking edges.
Fingers strain to
drag through
blackness—
Blackness
searing sealed lids.
Groping in
a clouded mind.

Green and Brown

By VIRGINIA HANSEN '66

When I think back
I remember brown summers
With toasted sand to the sea,
Bobbing boats at tarred wharfs,
Colored pennants atop white sails,
And swimmers.

When I think back, I remember green summers
With a home in the blue mountains,
Tall pines,
Dogwood,
Mountain laurel,
Speckled trout in a brook,
And deer.

Meditation on Talent

By NANCY FEIL '66

Hidden—absent.
What's the difference?

Magistra Latina

By TERI SUE SKINNER '68

I consulted my schedule to determine the room I was to head for next. Seeing 419 beside the word Latin II, I knew immediately who would be drilling me with "veni, vidi, vici" for the next hour. That was Mrs. Meade's room, the Lane High school residence of Caesar and Virgil.

The reports coming through the grape-vine concerning Mrs. Meade had been most encouraging. "Oh, you'll just love her. She's a lot of fun." Thus had uttered many a schoolmate, and I hoped their words were true.

Though the next two-and-one-half months of subjunctives and ablatives were quite a struggle, I found that my friends' predictions had been right. Waiting for class to begin one day, I reflected on just how wonderfully humorous Mrs. Meade was, besides being an awfully good teacher.

The bell rang then, banishing my thoughts, and the class began as usual, with Latin books being hastily opened to the day's story, "Jason and the Golden Fleece". A few minutes passed before Mrs. Meade bustled into the room and plopped into her seat. Her face bore a twinkling smile as she explained, "I was out in the hall talking to my boyfriends." The class responded with a gentle laugh as the gray-haired teacher leafed through her book.

As she searched for the right page, her merry mood suddenly changed. Now she became a solemn teacher, intent upon implanting Latin in our minds until we could dream in Rome's language.

Calling on a student to translate, she mumbled, "Why aren't you all ever ready when I come in? All right, Jimmy, go on."

The story was read a sentence at a time, with an explanation of the grammar after each period.

After dissecting one particular verb, Mrs. Meade turned in her seat and without rising, wrote the word on the board. Under it came another verb and then, "You know, that's a funny word. You see the third person singular?"—that, too, was written up—, "Well, in proofreading, you know when someone leaves out a word on a paper, you put one of these little inverted v's to show it? Well that's called a caret. See—the Latin word! It means 'to lack'."

She faced the class again, wearing a perturbed look.

"And I don't mean what Bugs Bunny eats."

For an instant, she returned her attention to the lesson. Then she looked up and said, "Is that show still on? Do they still have that Bugs Bunny show? You know, I liked that program; it was so funny."

After being assured that Bugs still hopped across the screen, she led us back into the myth of the Golden Fleece. Several lines were read and explained before the book's story again was halted abruptly.

"Jimmy, you're not paying attention," exclaimed Mrs. Meade angrily. "Now, I have told you a hundred times to stop talking and watch your book. This is not a play period; this is a Latin class. Now you just pick up your things and go sit there in the back where you won't bother anyone!"

The offending student slowly rose and shuffled to an empty seat in the rear. Mrs. Meade glared at him, then glared at the rest of us, before turning once again to the day's myth.

Students read carefully through the words with subdued voices. Many chanced a quick glance at Mrs. Meade, trying to interpret her mood. When I myself finally dared to glimpse, I found Mrs. Meade gazing inquisitively back. At that instant the boy translating stumbled awkwardly through a difficult name. Mrs. Meade's face became an amused smile as she gave me a wink that clearly said, "You and I can pronounce it though, can't we?"

After repeating the name correctly, she announced, "Now I'll have to fill you in on the gory details. You see, your book leaves a lot of this out."

We students repositioned ourselves in our seats, preparing for the coming narrative. Mrs. Meade then plunged into her "gory details", adding quite a few of her own comments and building suspense with drawn-out "well-ls." She even interrupted herself once to mention, "I don't know if all of this is right; I'm making a lot of it up myself."

Upon finishing her version of Jason's adventures, she referred us again to the book to complete the story.

The last word was uttered with an air of satisfaction, and we prepared for any epilogue Mrs. Meade might want to add.

"How long till the bell rings?" she asked.

There was a chorus of, "Four minutes!"

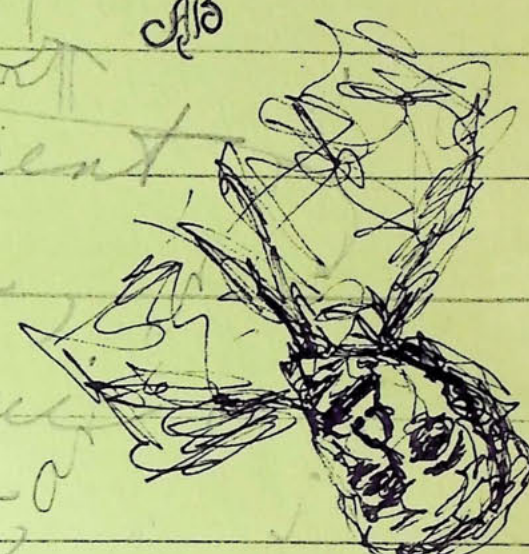
"Well then," she said, "I might as well tell you some more about Jason and Medea."

The next few minutes were punctuated with much laughter as Mrs. Meade gave her opinions of the mythological characters. She half-reclined on her desk, while she winked and chatted her way to the end of class.

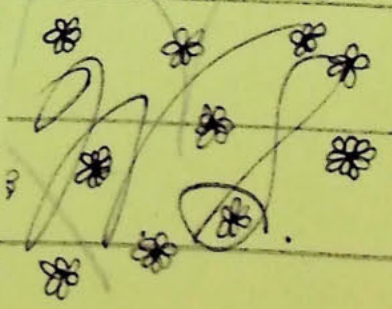
Just as the bell rang, I suddenly realized how far from dead Latin had become for me. Before jumping up to head for lunch, I hurriedly scribbled in my notebook,

"Te amo, Mrs. Meade."

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rooster



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Limericks

A lovely young lady named Betty,
Who swallowed a lot of confetti,
Thought it to be yummy,
But it hurt her tummy,
But she's only a goat, that girl Betty.

—BONNIE HICKERSON '68

There was a young teacher at Lane,
Who was trying to drive me insane.
I put a bomb in her desk
And put her to rest,
And that was the end of my pain.

—DEWEY CASHWELL '67

There was a girl from Bombay,
Who brushed her teeth every day.
She used Gleem, Cue, and Crest,
And she brushed them her best,
But her teeth fell out anyway.

—LINDA MIZELL '66

There was a young starfish named Sam
Who wanted to marry a clam.
When he vowed to be true,
Instead of saying, "I do,"
She shut her trap door with a slam.

—MARY LEE TUCKER '67

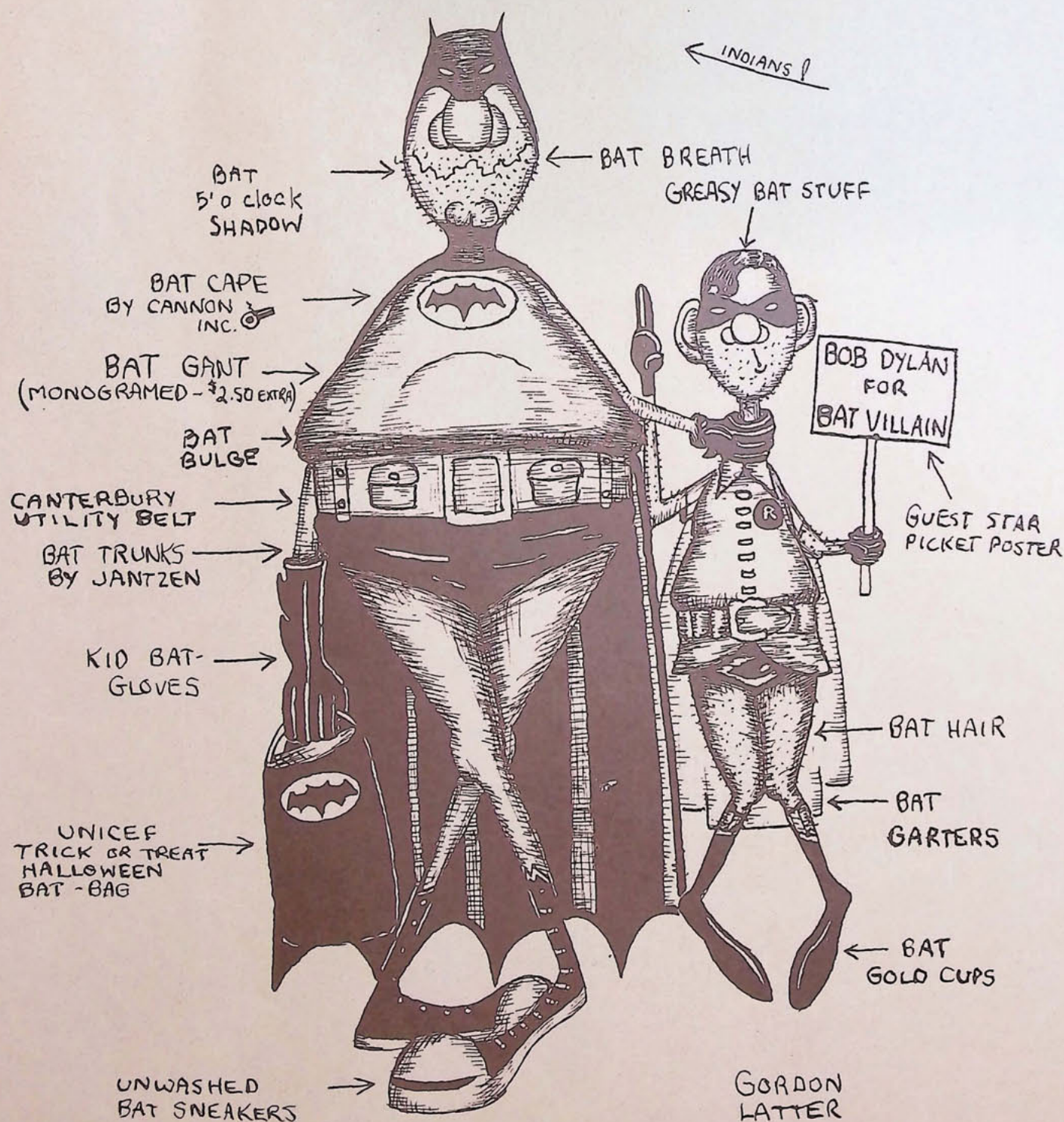
This Interesting, Good,
Real Nice, Very Fantabulous,
Thrilling, Sensational,
Scintillating Section
is Devoted to
Pontifical High . . .

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The Death of a Toad, Etc.

By DEWEY CASHWELL '67

Billy was cutting the grass
Across the street one day when
A sad thing happened.
There was a beautiful Toad,
Such a beautiful Toad,
All green and shiny
With brown slit eyes
And soft black spots.
He was a very young toad.
The only thing wrong with this
Toad was that he was sitting on
The grass.
Just sitting.
When along came Billy,
Just cutting.
And he cut the poor young toad
All to pieces.
Then he said, "Sorry toad, but
I didn't see you; you shouldn't have
Been in the way.
I was in a hurry."
Then Billy finished cutting the
Grass and started home.
As he started to cross the street,
A big car roared up
And cut him in two.
The man driving stopped,
Got out, and didn't know what to do.
He looked at poor young Billy
All cut in two.
Then he sat down on the
Curbing,
Put his head in his hands,
And cried,
And said, "I couldn't help it;
I was in a hurry, he stepped
Out in my way. I'm sorry."
And as he sat and cried,
Billy's blood mingled with
The toad's in the gutter.



The Speed Demon

By Maria Moore '68

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the speed demon came racing—
Racing—racing—

The speed demon came racing, up to the old apartment door.

He'd a crash helmet on his head, a purple plaid ascot at his chin,
A coat of wrinkled leather, and levis tight as skin.
They fitted with never a wrinkle; his cycle boots were to the thigh!

He sped with a jeweled twinkle,
His switch-blade a-twinkle,
His whiskey bottle a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the loose gravel he skidded and clashed in the dark alley-yard,
And he tapped with his class ring on the dirty window, but all was locked and barred.

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there,

But the bookie's glass-eyed daughter,
Lou, the bookie's daughter,
Teasing a knot into her bleached blonde hair.

"One kiss, my bony sugar, I'm after a prize tonight,
And I shall be back with the loot before daylight;
But if the cops pressure me and tail me through the day,
Then look for me at midnight,
Watch for me at midnight,
I'll be here at midnight, though hell should bar the way."

He did not come in the morning; he did not come at noon;
And out of the smoggy sunset, before the rise of the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A blue-coat patrol came searching—
Searching—searching—

The city police came searching, up to the old apartment door.

They said not a word to the bookie; instead they drank his ale.
Then they arrested his daughter, and held her without bail;
Two of them hid by the window with pistols at their sides!

There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Lou could see through the paddy wagon the road that he would ride.

She twisted her hands behind her, but the hand-cuffs held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!

In the darkness her guard slept; the hours crept by like years,
Till now on the stroke of midnight,
Right on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The cop's gun at last was hers.

Zoom-zoom! Putter-putter. Had they heard it? The cycle's motor vibrating clear;
Zoom-zoom! Putter-putter in the distance. Were they drunk and did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The speed demon came racing—
Racing—racing—
The blue-coats looked to their priming. She stood up straight and still!
Zoom-zoom, in the frosty silence! Putter-putter, in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes crossed wide for a moment. She drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
The revolver shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her skull in the moonlight, and warned him with her death.

He made a U-turn! He sped off to the border;
He did not know who lay on the paddy wagon floor, drenched in her own blood.
Not till the dawn he heard it; his face grew green to hear
How Lou, the bookie's daughter,
The bookie's glass-eyed daughter,
Had waited for her hood in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back he sped like a mad-man, shrieking a curse to the sky
With the white road smoking behind him and switch-blade brandished high!
Blood-red were his eyes in the burning noon; Wrinkled was his leather coat,
When they ran him off the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with a purple plaid ascot at his throat.

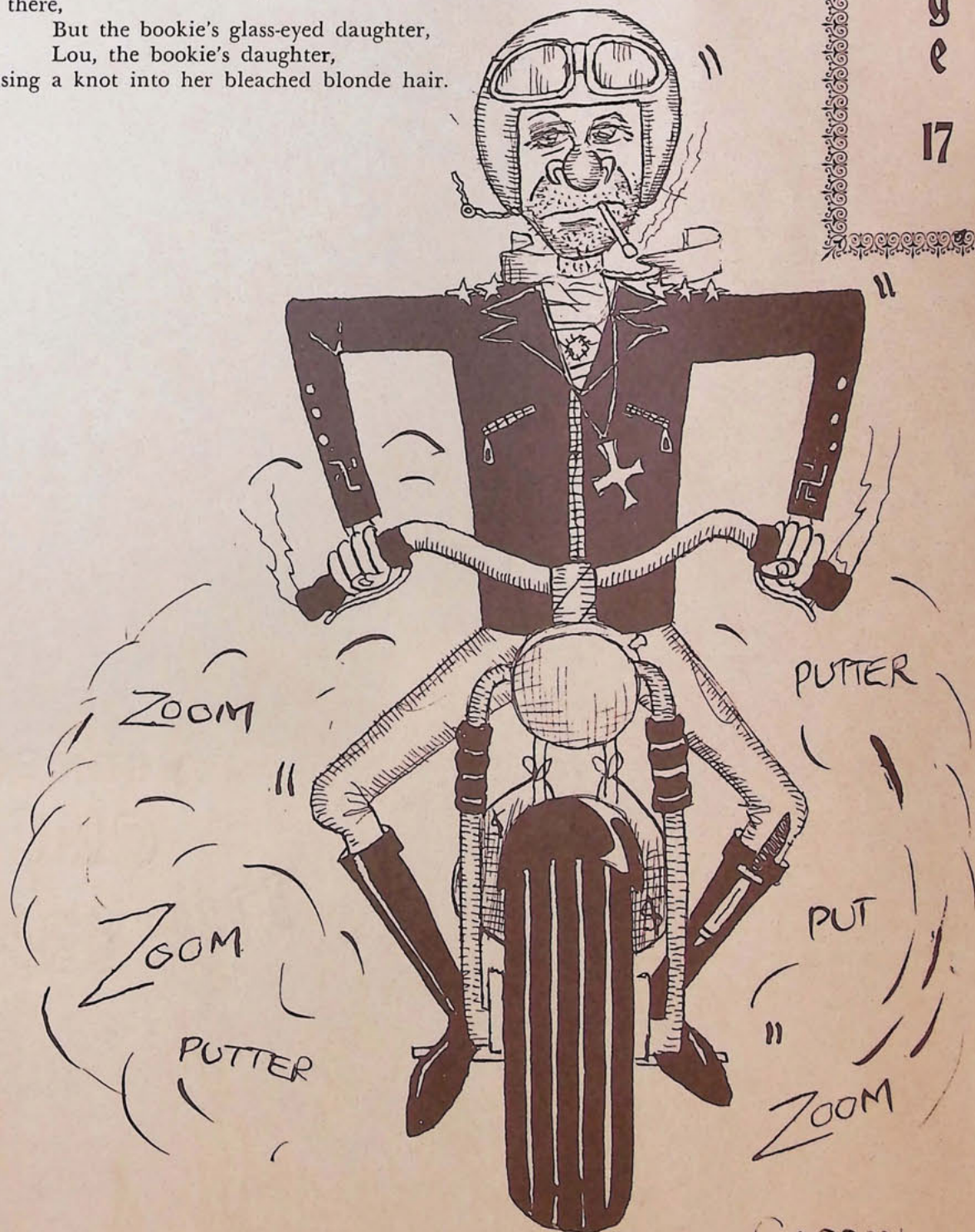
And still of a winter's night, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A speed demon comes racing—
Racing—racing—

The speed demon comes racing, up to the old apartment door.

Over the loose gravel he skids and clashes in the dark alley-yard,
He taps with his class ring on the dirty window, but all is locked and barred;

He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there,

But the bookie's glass-eyed daughter,
Lou, the bookie's daughter,
Teasing a knot into her bleached blonde hair.





For that smashing arrival at school—flowered bellbottoms and boots. Lush blooms run in curve from hip to ankle. Cosack boots scream their subtlety in brown suede. Arms bubbly with bangles by Go-Go Mania, \$20 apiece. Shell of imported virgin anteater hair, \$798.31. Mad bellbottoms at Laks, 13th Avenue.

GAELIN HEREFORD, JERRY ARBOGAST

What do you wear to a frisbee tournament . . . a zither concert . . . a biology class? A mini-dress in tomato soup red and crayon blue, slung around the hips with a skinny little belt. It is coupled with raging black lace stockings and innocent little girl shoes. All available from Manfred of Mongolia.

MARY LEE UPDIKE



John Atkins photographs

Americans the Beautiful

By Mary Lee Updike

Here are clothes that are more than clothes. Here is a spirit of creativity, the vibrance of Americans the Beautiful. The tradition of wide open spaces lives in the clothes of the In Crowd of Individuals. They have translated the majesty of nature into the majesty of the Lovely Things . . . in the custom of Apple Pie and Motherhood.



JAN DANIEL

The Batman Look! A send-off cape of Persian bat hair with carrot juice orange bloomers and a svelte little black jersey that clings in all the right places. A wild exclamation of a hat from Ringo of Rome. Boots in blazing red patent leather for stomping out evil at a virtuous \$299. Knickers and top fly in from United Comics for \$2,500.



With the wild, ethereal quality of an LSD experience, the Dynamic Young Ones. The flow of an abstract churian silk. \$2,000 from Jean de Martinique.



LAURA WALLACE, CHRIS NOLAN, VALERIE HOFFMAN

The Knack. They've got it. It's an attitude, a way of life, an income bracket. And these are the clothes for it. Moving abbreviations of dresses in mad, mad polka dots on phosphorescent monk cloth available at Barney's Bargain Basement, \$775 for each little lovely. The chain, out of used construction steel, at a very camp \$572.95.

The Beautiful Young Ones . . . gold and ruby brocade drifts from the shoulder, backed by a slim sheath of flame satin. The thick flow of the cloth suggests the mystery of a midnight cruise on the Aegean, the intrigue of a dance in the gym after a Lane football game. For those chilly nights in the bleachers, the picture on the right shows a packaged version of the same marvelous creation. To be obtained at Lord and Master.



JAN DANIEL. RONNIE STAFFORD

experience . . . Here is the little white dress grown up. The simplicity, the spirit of abstract chrysalized in a moment of albino velvet lined with palest green-eyed Man- Platinum curls twine about the hair, captured moonbeams at \$1,800.



The Old Man by the River

By KATY WILLIAMS '66

Baton Rouge is a big, modern city where people hurry about their business with all the bustle of New York; even the capitol does not have a dome but is a skyscraper that stands as a symbol of the people's reach for progress. Besides Baton Rouge, the Mississippi's giant levee sweeps down to the river itself and follows along as the water pushes its way to the Gulf. Winding down the side of the steep levee to the wharf below is a hot, dusty, bumpy road. All day cars are lined bumper to bumper along the road, baking in the Louisiana sun as they wait for the ferry.

Strangely in contrast to the brown levee and exhaust fumes of a mobile generation is a figure standing half-way down the embankment. The old Negro in his flowing white tunic, bare feet and wooden staff in the form of a cross appears to have stepped out of the New Testament. As long as anyone on the river can remember, he has been there everyday, calling to the people in the never-ending line of cars to "come and be saved." He has been there on the levee so long that he is taken for granted as "that crazy old nigger who thinks he's gonna save the world. . . ." Nobody ever talks to him as he waits out his long, futile vigil; he has lost all contact with the real world.

Looking at the world from his post on the hot, bare rocks, he thinks, "Why doesn't anyone come? Many years I've been here, just like I was told to do. Don't they know I can save them before they cross the River Jordan? Don't you understand; God told me, *me*, to stand here. That was a long time ago. Maybe it is given to me to save eternity. That's it! My time will come. All I must do is wait, wait."

So the old man stands on the levee in the broiling sun like a strange, dried weed. He wonders uncomprehendingly at the world as it passes before him. Like a mirage wavering in the heat waves that rise along the bank, the old man keeps his vigil, waiting, but no one comes.

Down at the wharf the ferry has arrived and the impatient people in their glaringly bright cars pack fretful children into the back seat and move slowly in their new cars toward the gangplank. The ferry sinks lower in the water as an incredible number of cars is squeezed into its depths. Shattering the air with a blast of its whistle, the ferry creaks and sways and troubles the waters around it as it swings into midstream. Disappearing across the mile of brown water, the boat becomes only a child's block on the horizon and a white-water wake.

On the levee is a long line of cars, their bright paint glittering in the brilliant sun. The air is hot and dusty and the children in the cars pick fights and scream impatiently. Half way down the levee-bank is a figure standing bare-headed and bare-footed in the heat of noon. His face is carved by the sun and wind, and his hands grasp calmly a rough-hewn cross. There is little movement in his eyes, and those things he looks at he does not see. The day passes and twilight comes, but still he stays and cries dumbly to the world, "Come and be saved."

Conformity

By MARY LEE TUCKER '67

A wolf looked below;
There, a fold of huddled sheep—
One strayed, yet was spared.

Greatness

By LINDA MIZELL '66

People are like stars,
The ones who shine the brightest
Are the ones noticed.

Persistence

By LINDA MIZELL '66

Small bugs never quit,
They buzz and fly all around
Stinging big people.

War

By LINDA MIZELL '66

Gay birds sing loudly,
A brook laughs over rough stones,
Man lies still—dying.

An Old Man

By DAVID TRICE '66

There he sits, pensive and wandering,
Contemplating all the days of his youth—
A youth which is now lost,
Lost in time and in age.
Too late he has realized
That life is ephemeral,
A fleeting light in a dark world.

Now the old man lights his pipe,
And again his thoughts return to his former years.
With each puff of smoke
The old man recalls an incident of his life—
An incident which has shaped his character.
The incidents, however, are superficial
For the old man has not delved into life.
He has lived only for survival,
Not for meaning or purpose.

As the smoke rises in the room,
The old man sees how it parallels his life.
It rises and rises,
Then dissipates into nothing.

Soon the fire of the pipe goes out,
And with it go the old man's thoughts.
Now he just sits and stares—
There is no pensiveness, no wandering;
Life, for the old man, is gone.



Determination

By LINDA MIZELL '66

Dark shadows may fall,
But man with all confidence
Produces a light.

Dawn

By ANN BOGGS '66

Dew clings to the blades
Of grass—the farewell tears of
Fast-departing night.

Worth

By MARY LEE UPDIKE '67

The eagle is proud,
Strong and free in his kingdom,
But the sparrow sings.

Small Talk

By LINDA MIZELL '66

Like silly breezes
When people start gossip, they
Fan the flames of hate.

Repulsive Splendors of Crab-Apples

By Steve Felger '68

(Setting: A door-knob store. Malroy-Dincsley, the owner, stands at mid-stage caressing an explicitly carved image of Venus' navel. His pants are violet although his fingers hurt. At left stage, his mother, Joseph-Oswald, is roasting a whiskbroom in cabbage sauce.)

Malroy-Dincsley: O, paternal mother! Your teeth cease to ignite the literary barnacles of caustic trolley-cars.

Joseph-Oswald: Although the clay-footed orange juice basks, the hopeful lavishments of prized tomatoes will ferbish and smoggle.

Malroy-Dincsley: Fortitude is the majestic decision of hair-boned grapes. Yet, while the chain unravels the cushions, our spokes must be content with the little bugs and things. (Begins skipping around the store while singing the tribal mating song of the Dallas Cowboys.)

Joseph-Oswald: Although the clay-footed orange juice basks diligently under the doormat board, fondling hair bones does not increase the budgets of the padded territorial man-holes. (Clarence-Hobart enters. He does not carry a pet pig, though his apron is green. Perched atop his immaculately polished head is a field mouse which he found while leading a rebellion against turtles.)

Clarence-Hobart: Dong! Dong! (He tongs long for dong songs.)

Joseph-Oswald: Fetch the reel! The tire is fast-moving the grape tree!

Malroy-Dincsley: (Bashing onions against the family Bible.)

Spooky toggles yearn for juicy basket pins.

Clarence-Hobart: Relinquish all social bonds of powdery fish fruit! (Begins kicking the wallet box.)

Joseph-Oswald: Wire . . . wire . . . wire. (Glues a harmonica to Malroy-Dincsley's nose.)

(Nobody enters.)

Malroy-Dincsley: Cremation is the sole protective banana starch. The freeway is totally unbalanced due to the bargaining power of dignitarian pantaloons.

(The clock strikes 23 times, bursts into flames and drowns. Few people attend the funeral.)

Clarence-Hobart: Of course, we could just swim away.

Joseph-Oswald: Yes, but cauliflower cheese produces an undesirable lamp-shade binding.

Malroy-Dincsley: Joyful art thy garments!

Clarence-Hobart: Legally we are superhuman giraffes.

(Enter Wilbur, disguised as a carrot salesman, tripping over an over-padded parachute spoon. His trousers are ugly, but he does not have a cousin in England.)

Malroy-Dincsley: Fooble, fooble!

Wilbur: (Exhausted after his journey through the sunflowers.) Snow exists in the farm country, especially in the pickled prune rocks.

Joseph-Oswald: Ferment, but do not be jovial with the snakes.

Clarence-Hobart: (Caressing his injured liver.) No sooner than the machines cease breakfasting, the tortoise shell bombards the washable ink.

Wilbur: Your capricorns never cease to amaze me.

(A mal-nutritioned man enters. He does not like belts.)

Mal-nutritioned man: (Meekly.) I am not a sailor; I am not a sailor.

Joseph-Oswald: Sing for the glory of the skilled cat!

Malroy-Dincsley: Suppose the shoe is bitten by the trombone.

Clarence-Hobart: (Second-guessing the goldfish's third prediction.) Throw barnacles out of the corn-patch, for survival in the midst of feet is forbidden.

(Wilbur becomes extremely angry and screams.)

Wilbur: Scream!

(Wilbur jumps upon Clarence Hobart and kills him with an instant coffee can.)

Malroy-Dincsley: I hate fish.

(Malroy-Dincsley and Joseph-Oswald flee.)

Malroy-Dincsley: Flee, flee.

Joseph-Oswald: Flee, flee.

Wilbur: (Investigating a rampaging eraser pelt.)

Bugs infest the capitalistic cheese gun.

Mal-nutritioned man: I am not a sailor; I am not a sailor.

(Curtain)

Orchestra Begins Wilbur Jenkins' Theme Song

Dancer!

By Jan Daniel

The music begins!
The deep-throated bass,
The tripping little high notes,
The light-footed clinking of a piano,
The single sorrowful cry of a trumpet,
The muffled heartbeat of a drum,
The cracking crashes of cymbals,
The wild, exultant vibration
of an entire orchestra!
Whirling figures fling themselves
through the air,
And the air itself is alive
with ecstatic motion,
Swaying, swinging,
Spinning, stepping,
Lifting,
Reaching,
Whirling, soaring, flying!
The music's magic message
whispers in my ear,
Beckoning me,
Then speaks in a
clear, high voice,
then shouts exultantly!
The music begins!
Its message has no code,
no translation.
The violin strings and
My heartstrings quiver
together along one current
of movement and feeling.
The drumbeat and my heartbeat
conspire together in a
muffled dialogue.
The melody sighs and
sweeps its way along,
And the drums rise to
a pounding crescendo,
and the crash of
the cymbals is
like the cracking
of breaking chains—
Invisible chains that hold
me still, that keep my
feet flat on the floor—
in one place.
Now I slip out of
my chains and leap
into the living air,
swirling, stepping,
spinning,
reaching, springing,
leaping,
faster! faster! faster!
Stop!
The music is over.
The last vibrations
caress the silent air.
Only the echo remains,
sleeping lightly in my heart—
Expectant, waiting
for the streaming strains
and rippling rhythm
to be awakened
to freedom, to life,
to dance!



LITTLE JONNY'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

By **WAIN HARDING '67**

Little Jonny went to town
to buy Christmas gifts
one for mom one for dad
and one for old granny
she was cript
arthritis, rheumatism.
In one store out another
no gifts would suit
up one elevator
down a fire escape
ninety-five cents he had saved
all day he looked
and strained and thought.
There was a poor little girl
crying
"What's the matter little girl?"
"My nanny died and I got
no money for grave flowers."
"Well here's a quarter, take it."
He followed her home
her nanny weren't dead at all
Waiting to see how much money
little she had begged
Jonny wasn't mad though
He grew up and married her.
He went on
seventy cents
in one store out another
no gifts would suit
not for mom, dad and old granny
there on a corner
in front of the ABC store
a little man who was blind
but not really
he begged charity.
Jonny gave forty-five cents
the blind man took it in the bar
bought a whiskey
Jonny wasn't mad though
that was the blind man's pleasure
and Jonny grew up and was his friend.
He went on
quarter left
in one store out another
no gifts would suit
walking up and down the street
there was a scrawny santa
ring-a-ding-a bell
Santa promised
If people give, cancer will be cured
Jonny gave twenty-two cents
But he grew up and died of cancer.
Three cents left
On he went to the grocery store
three pieces of bubble gum.
On Christmas day
mom, dad, granny
demanded why only
BUBBLE GUM?
Jonny turned his face
they wouldn't understand anyway.
St. Nicholas did though
Jonny got a new bike.

Eulogy for a Spider

By TERRY BROWNFIELD '68

When I lifted my foot and observed the mess under it, I wondered why I had done it. This spider had meant me no harm. His once long and graceful legs were now limp and drawn back as the petals of a withered flower. The beautiful orange and black markings which had covered his round body now were blotches of smeared and ugly color. Before, he had been able to function naturally, as God had intended; now he could only lie there, his life unfairly taken from him by an unjust God . . . me.

Planning Ahead

By BRENDA MAHONEY '67

"Plan for the future; think ahead,"
Is what most parents say.
"You just think of ten years from now."
We'll care for you today."
So ten years come and twenty go,
You've never lived one day.
For all the living you have done
Is still ten years away.

Driftwood

By MARY LEE UPDIKE '67

A symbol of a past summer, gray and twisted and yet still beautiful. Thin, dark lines ran down the crooked form, swirling in circles where the waves had slowly worn hollows. The cup of one of the hollows still held a little sand, only a few pink and yellow and white grains. The surface was smooth, soft to the hand, a gentle sigh for things now gone. And then, as the eye moved up the form, there was a split, harsh, dark, and ugly. It was rough, the anger of the sea and the part of the summer that was not so good. The split ruined the line, but yet in its contrast, in its ugliness, it lent a beauty more grotesque, more primitive, a tone of suffering to an otherwise perfect summer.

And So You Want To Be A Saleslady

By CYNTHIA BOLICK '66

Sales ladies have an unwritten set of rules to follow in order to make their customers happy. Perhaps the most important rule is remembering that the customer is always right. If she insists that Arrow shirts are on sale in the hosiery department, do not argue. In fact, never argue with a customer because nine times out of ten she will march straight to the manager insisting that the impudent clerk in the hosiery department be fired. Instead, just explain that for some odd reason the shirts had to be moved to the men's department; and then, of course, apologize for the inconvenience.

This rule should especially be observed during clearance sales. For instance, on a happy occasion like George Washington's birthday, customers go wild. They seem to forget that they are celebrating a birthday and act as if it were a race to see who can get the most bargains in an hour. Naturally, the store tries to make the sale as pleasant as possible by serving coffee and doughnuts to the ladies who try to break in line at seven in the morning. The refreshments seem to keep them going as they grab merchandise away from one another, run up the down escalator, and fight over strollers for their children. Clerks should learn to stand by a register and sell what is handed them! When five women run up yelling, "I got this sweater first," just stand there as if each one were perfectly in the right and wait until one by one they become exhausted from battle.

A likeable clerk should always smile. Smile while a woman who has no intention of buying a scarf proceeds to rearrange three hundred of them by putting some on the floor and some three tables down, even if you have just spent two hours straightening them. Smile when a woman needs a pair of hose and you show her every color, style, and size in five brands before she says that she will take the pair she has in her hand. Above all, do not seem perturbed that she has put runs and snags in ten pairs of hose while she looks. When a mother is looking for a special twenty-four karat gold pin that doesn't cost over a dollar and her little girl is busy pulling down several racks of friendship rings and all the bottles of deodorant, just laugh and say, "No, of course I don't mind picking up the glass, cutting my fingers to the bones, crawling under the counters, and watching your sweet little girl."

Finally, never give the customer an honest opinion. If a husband asks if Blue Waltz perfume has a pleasing fragrance, "certainly" would be an appropriate, untruthful answer. Or if a long-haired beatnik thinks an orange and black bracelet would go well with her white and green nail polish, assure her that it would be perfect. For the well-dressed woman who adores a pink and green laced roller cap with her new Easter suit, just let her wonder why all the hats were not in the Millinery department. Or when a fifty-year old teenager asks if black knee socks, Weejuns, and a shift are more for the younger girls, insist that she hardly looks—twenty.

Clerks who want more satisfied customers, fewer complaints, and the assurance of keeping a job have only to follow three simple rules. With these rules in mind one wonders why there is such a great turnover in sales personnel.

Hunting Sketch

By KATHY MATTHEWS '66

The sun was barely coming over Willis Mountain as I went to the shed to get the hounds. The dogs yelped and jumped with anticipation of the hunt. When I opened the door, the hounds shot down the road and under the gate, the frost and the red sun sparkling on their gleaming coats. I ran to catch them, puffing my breath like smoke from a pipe. When I got to the gate, I clambered up and then stopped for a moment. I could see the faint outline of the moon and willowy wisps of clouds that seemed to darken and enlarge the closer they came to the horizon. I then scurried on up the hill, slipping on rocks and sticks. At the top, the dogs waited politely in a circle for my belated arrival. We walked a little farther and then placed ourselves in position for the rabbit.

I gazed down on the land as I sat and contemplated. The farmhouse was old, but beautiful, with its morning haze around the top like a protective halo, and the smoke from the chimney as evidence of happiness inside. The flowers around the fence had just died, but had been beautiful until the end. The cats came scrambling up the steps as someone called them to breakfast. I saw the old hired man come to the door, stamping his feet and clapping his hands to keep his tired body warm. He was greeted and taken in for his breakfast. Just then I looked up and realized it had been snowing lightly for a few minutes, covering my rifle and myself. Then the hounds yelped and shot off to trap the rabbit. I decided to let them just run that day; I wasn't in a mood to kill.

An Unexpected Change

By JANET GREEN '67

Guess what? George is a hero! I am not kidding. Remember how I told you that George was on the third-string varsity football team? I said that every time he got to play he would absolutely freeze on the field. George used to look around him and gaze at the crowded bleachers, too frightened to go anywhere if he got the ball.

George always had been a coward. He never found the courage to ask me out. I can remember how dogs and animals frightened him when we were kids. Why last year he even looked sick in biology when live snakes were brought in the class!

As I said, George never had done anything on the football field. If you promise never to breathe a word of it, I will tell you what changed him. Only George, Square Malley, who is fullback on the football team, and I know about it.

The Mount High game was supposed to be a pushover. Because of this, the coach put George in the game the last minute of the first quarter, even though the score was zero to zero.

George trotted on the field with his usual slow pace. He looked pretty good in the only white uniform on the field. In the huddle it was decided that the ball would be handed off to George.

The night was warm and misty. While Square was walking over to get into position, he noticed a little ten inch garter snake squiggling through the grass. Square thought it would be funny to put the little garter snake down someone's jersey. When the ball was put into action, he looked around for a logical victim. George stuck out like a sore thumb in his white uniform, so he got the snake. George felt something in his shirt, heard Square hiss the word "snake", and received the ball at the same time. George leaped so fast that he went right in between two opposing tackles. He burst through three linesmen blocking his way. George ran faster than I have ever seen anyone run. I think he might still be running if he hadn't smacked directly into the goal post. He fell down and didn't get up for a long time. Smelling salts were needed to revive him.

The coach said that George probably hit his head when he fell. Some of my friends said it was the shock of making a touchdown. Square knew the real reason, but wouldn't admit to goofing off in the game. When the game ended six to zero, George was a hero.

That one play certainly changed George. He no longer fears football or girls, but I guess he still stays away from snakes.

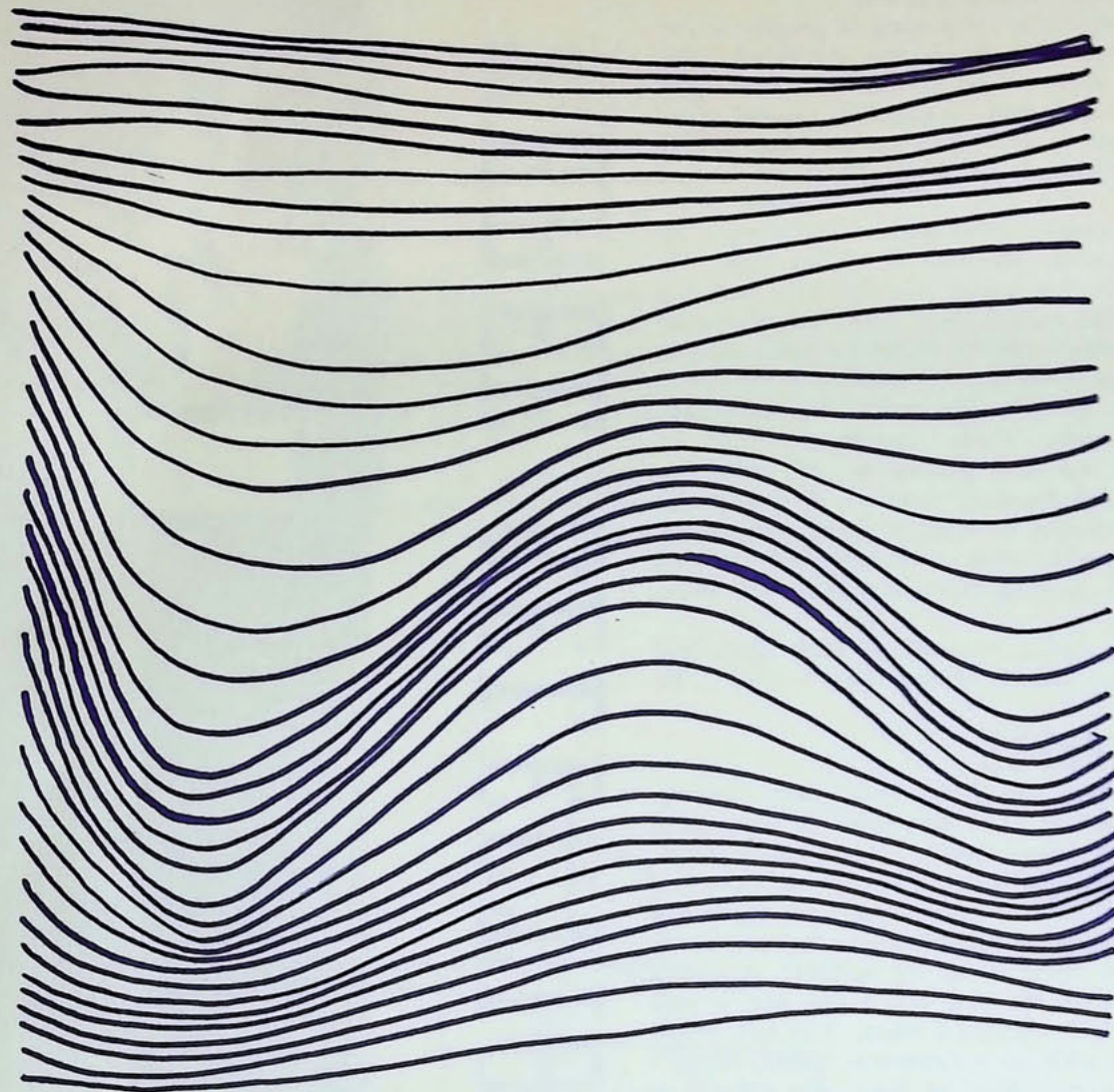
Wandering

By WILL SCRIBNER '66

Reluctant to leave the light and warmth of the building, I started half-heartedly on my way home, encouraged by the fact that I had only to walk about a quarter of a mile. At one a.m. the streets were barren, and the trash and paper in the gutter scurried noisily along at the proddings of the wind. Leafless branches which hung out over the walk swayed unprotestingly and clattered outrageously when they struck one another. The harsh glare of the streetlamps and the fuzzy glow of the ebbing moon lighted the serpentine sidewalks. Along the edge of the pavement stretched a mottled row of cars, dormant yet somehow hinting of their powers in the silver half-light.

Spotting an illusive alley which I hoped would be a shortcut, I stepped off the sidewalk and into an atmosphere seemingly impervious to time. The narrow passage was born of the rotting brick of two ancient buildings. Here the streetlamp's glow did not penetrate and the dew-covered cobblestones sparkled dully under the gentle light of the moon. Looking up, I saw a narrow band of stars bordered by the stagnant bulk of the dingy rooftops. The alley was littered with cans and wine bottles in the favorite spots of the derelicts who spend their time drinking on peoples' back doorsteps. Before me the narrow passage was constricted by peninsulas of dingy, topless garbage cans and drain pipes which jutted out onto the walkway and hampered my return to the open sidewalks.

Returning instantly to time and light, I hurried along the familiar street leading to my door. Solitary night birds, calling forlornly from a hedge, rose in a flock at my approach. The glare of a single street lamp made the narrow street seem large and empty. Leaving the sidewalk and picking my way cautiously across a neighbor's shrub-strewn yard, I headed steadily for the warm yellow glow of the light on my front porch.



HEAT WAVES

By TAM ROOP '66

Heat rose in waves as we traveled the black, shimmering pavement. Because of the dryness, we were choked by the dust and grit. The surrounding earth was still and sluggish in the baking sun, but this surface appearance was deceiving, for beneath the cracked, parched soil, the land throbbed from the intense temperature. The only audible sounds were from the teeming insects which hovered, swarmed, and flitted, dominating this barren stretch of South Carolina. Miles away, in a stagnant Georgia swamp, movement was abounding. Lizards and snakes slithered through the murky waters; birds flew among the moss-laden pines; water insects moved constantly. A heron would occasionally screech loudly. The cruel heat outside did not penetrate this lush greenery, except to make the tranquil air heavy and humid. But a few miles from the Georgia swamps, Negroes in squalid shanties carried out their duties at a snail's pace, trying to resist the heat-wave. The intense summers force human life to a near standstill, recalling to tourists the traditional quaintness, slowness, and simplicity of southern life.

As we traveled, we received the impression that many daily jobs and chores are carried out today in the same laborious methods used two hundred years ago. In South Carolina, we often saw groups of shirtless Negro men toiling in the watermelon fields. They would hoist watermelons above their sweaty, gleaming, black shoulders and carry them to roadside stands, or waiting trucks. Many wore large straw hats to protect themselves from the burning sun. We once stopped at a roadside watermelon stand where a gray-haired Negro man was resting against a shady tree, waiting for tourists to buy his goods. He spoke kindly, slowly, in a southern drawl, blended with Negro accent, "Yas'm, we's got dis type. Does yo' wan' me to put it in yo' ca'?" The air

was perfumed with South Carolina jasmine, and the atmosphere was relaxed, unhurried, and enjoyable. Passing through many small towns, we noticed that in every one, elderly white men congregated on the town benches to sleep, siesta-style, or to talk lazily, constantly mopping their beaded brows. In these hot towns, we could feel the searing heat and smell the scorching earth.

The slow, quaint, and in many places, impoverished life, became more evident as we progressed through Georgia. In middle and southern Georgia, with its musty swamps, many Negroes moped on streetcorners or walked along the dusty roads, heading nowhere. Their shacks were unbelievably run-down. They were not painted, but made of weathered gray-brown boards. Standing on stilts or cinder-block, they seemed to waver and totter, as unsure of their destiny as their poor inhabitants. The windows usually held cardboard partitions, but seldom glass. Many Negro children and gray-haired men talked on the delapidating steps. Further on, we saw Negroes traveling to work on mules, as in the pre-Civil War days, setting up watermelon stands, or at their shanties pumping water. As the sun rose, the earth baked, and the air became hot and still. The only sounds to be heard were the mules' braying, the thunk of watermelons being piled, and the scream of rusty water pumps. The air was faintly fragrant with Georgia pine. Occasionally, we would overhear the black field-hands singing as they worked.

After spending a few weeks in the South, on our return trip we became more observant. We realized that although the South appears relaxed and slow-paced, deep within it is tense, almost to the breaking point, and it is rapidly changing. We saw the look of determination and pride in the Negroes' eyes. We saw, though only a few, white men working side by side with Negroes. We saw slow, but steady progress.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER"

The musty, black robe stood before the mass of people in the church. The face atop the robe was simple and contented. The man spoke to the people in softly voiced platitudes. "Jesus loves you." "Say grace, come to church, and happiness is assured you." All the bloated, over-indulged faces looked up at him, smiled, and nodded sleepily in agreement. The air hung sweet and stagnant in the church.

Suddenly the silence was rudely interrupted as a young man threw open the doors and strode forcefully down the aisle. He was dressed like the man in the pulpit but his eyes had the fire of conviction in them. He walked right up to the altar and the gray-haired man stepped down meekly without a word spoken. The people were stunned, startled out of their lethargy. And then the young man began to talk. He spoke of a God that expected people to actively love others, regardless of race or creed, to give of themselves and their possessions. He told of a God that loved Americans and Russians equally. The surprised looks on the people's faces changed to looks of anger and hatred. Mumbblings rose like the ugly whirr of a power saw, and suddenly they all grabbed hymn books. Stoning the young man with them, they ran him out of the church.

Then the people, smiling again, returned to their seats and the gray-haired minister began talking again. "God is love" "Be kind—"

PEOPLE

People: The subway station was filled with them—shifting, bumping, twisting, rushing people. The dim lights in the ceiling threw strange shadows over faces—worried faces, happy faces, sneering faces, closed, expressionless faces. The sign on the dirty tile wall of the mole's tunnel read "Bleeker Street" in big, block letters. Every moment more people banged down the iron stairs with the big, grimey orange stripe down the middle. A trickle of sunlight crept timidly down the first few stairs, but it was absorbed into the dark and filth without a trace. The tall, heavy metal columns were covered with advertisements—"Come Alive!", "Come up to a bright, new taste." Most of them were defaced as though the city took the grinning, empty faces and stripped off the covering, showing the distorted souls. The concrete cavern smelled of dirt and wax and people. Finally the subway train roared in with a rush of stale, warm air, as though to suck the people onto the tracks. As the big, black beast jarred to a stop, the noise decreased like a huge giant exhaling. People pushed and shoved and squeezed and crowded on. The doors shut quickly, and with an ever-increasing noise, the train sped out of the station. The dark, gloomy platform was almost deserted, but soon it began to fill for the next train. . .

JOY

Waves rose until at the peak of their ecstasy they fell, crashing and pounding onto the rough, broad back of the earth. Their power was the power of the god-being, and the god-being was in me. I ran along the rocky shore, my toes digging into the cool, damp sand and the impact throwing me forward again. And I stood at the edge of the foam, trembling as the bucking beast neared me.

Shivers bumped down my backbone, although I knew that the waves would return to the sea. I ran once again, but this time into the lunging, roaring animal, embracing it. My eyes, ears, nose were full of the stinging salt water and I emerged sputtering.

Rocky, sandy chunks of beach beckoned and I followed. The sun dried my hair and the wind, laughing, flung it in my face. I laughed back while joy, like a warm liquid, filled me. I reached to the sky, a young panther stretching. This was freedom—to walk, and run, and shout, and fly as I wished. The gulls, dipping and soaring, were my brothers, and I loved them with a fierce and wild love.

But still I was alone, and this joy was to be shared. My being yearned to talk of it. This freedom was lonely.

I walked on. A black rock loomed out between the smaller rocks and pools of liquid sky. I scrambled to the top, scratching my legs. Blood oozed from the scratches down brown skin, but the pain only tested my strength and I relished it.

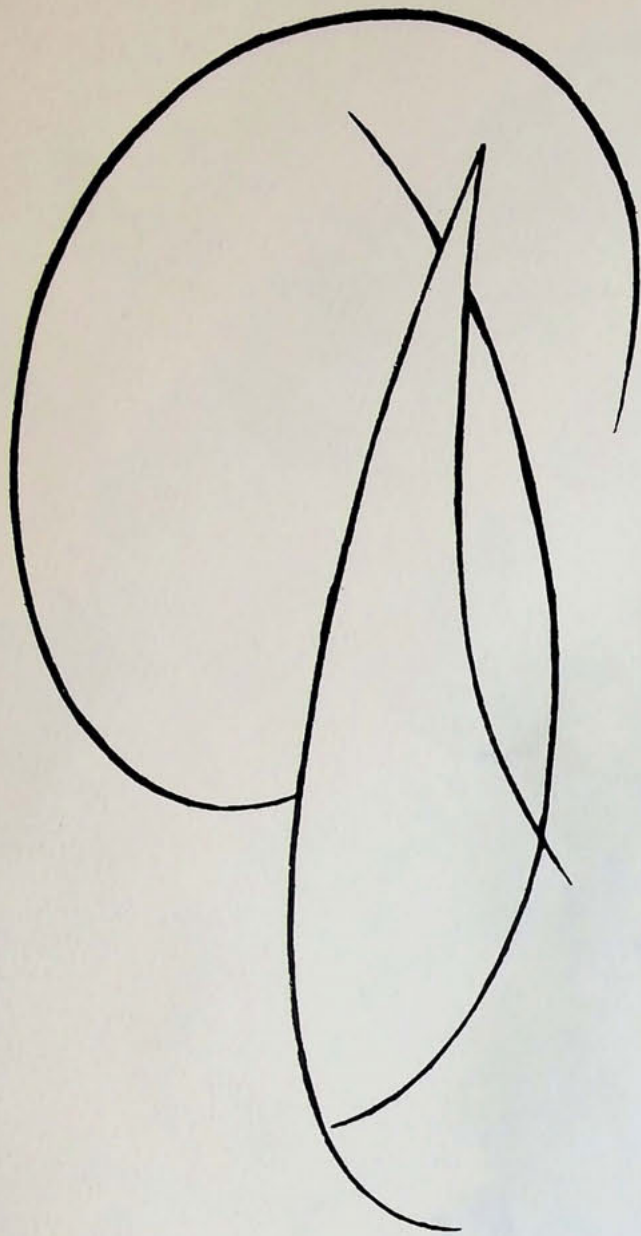
I leaped down from the rock, then gasped as I realized that I had almost jumped on top of someone. He looked up and laughed. The sound was loud and rich and hearty. As I laughed with him, our voices mixed and blended. His face was familiar and yet new. I had never met him before, but I had known him for years.

And then we talked. We spoke of life, and love, and people, and gods, and all manner of things. He was whittling, and in his hands the wood was shaped into soft, sensuous curves, as smooth as the inside of a shell. His hands were big, broad, and strong—the hands of a thinker and a doer. I watched as they loved the wood. I told him of the joy I felt in living and he understood. But it was not enough. I leaped up and danced my ecstasy. Like a wind devil I rose, faster and faster. I danced until I fell panting to the earth. And he carved his joy for me. Slowly the wood was molded, and it emerged as a butterfly from a chrysalis under his fingers. A minute or a thousand years passed.

As the sun spread liquid gold on the sea, we walked down the shore together. Sand, sea—the whole world was spread before us. I was no longer alone.

THREE SELECTIONS BY MARY LEE UPDIKE





Buttermanfly

By GRA PATTERSON '66

From waiting hand to hand I fly
Called by fate's soft whisper
To an endless shadow whence
I shall never return.

No bonds of power, lust, or love
Can hold this soul in one's grasp.
For it is as the churning sea cast from
Ancient shore to shore never to return again.

And in the magnificence of this freedom
And the pain of this desolation,
My quest for final peace may be ended
With a single stroke which thwarts my will to fly.

The Reality of Four

By JOSH ORKIN '66

It was a discussion
of two, maybe three,
maybe four things;
a discussion of as many things—
as two people.

Hours, no, minutes
no, perhaps only seconds ago
we shed our armor,
exposed our minds.
They begged,
"Protection,"
yet—strangely, soothingly—they needed none.
Faith and trust
had simply crushed our senseless fears,
our needless defenses.

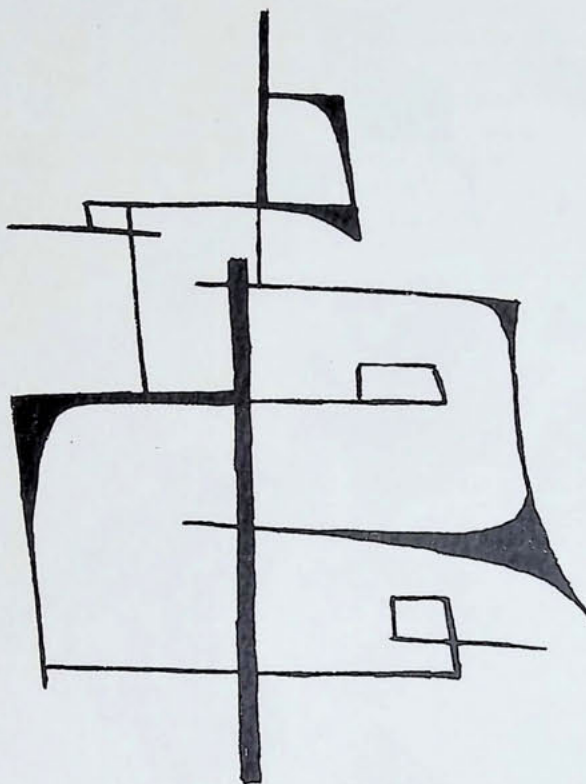
Happiness, unchallenged, came.
We captured it,
held it,
nurtured it,
released it.

Jumping, laughing, dancing,
we chased it down a joyous,
torturous path, through that thought jungle—
ourselves; farther, farther,
till the room, the people,
the reality disappeared,
till
voices, noises,
crashed in upon us
invading our solitude,
till "Carol, telephone—
telephone, dear."

Debut

By KATY WILLIAMS '66

A tree, a hill,
A breeze, new, young-green grass . . .
The breeze touches the tree's branches,
soft as a kitten's breath,
sweet, young . . .
Tender, young, nibbly-buds,
pert and warm on the branches,
just pushing through . . .
Barely alive, young, tiny-green,
the soft fronds of new grass leaves
move slightly
and move again,
Taking their first cautious steps
in the shy new wind; and pleased,
smile.



My Sister

By TERI SUE SKINNER '68

Under the scrubby maple tree,
My little sister stands;
My Sis, a tiny girl is she,
With small and delicate hands,
And the muscles on her skinny arms
Are much like rubber bands.

Her hair is soft, and blonde, and long,
Her face is very tan.
Her brow is brown with local ground,
She smears as best she can,
Then looks poor mother in the face
And asks to lick the pan!

Somewhere

By LUCIA MENDICINO '66

I know a place—
green and jonquil-filled—
that we shared once—
a field.

It was there in a knee-high spring
when we held cool hands and
whispered soft secrets.
It was there we let the icy brook
soak our skins and wash away
the thin shells of life that had
separated us.

It was there in that budding field
that we talked of life and death
and love.

We were so young then, but
our words were of forever and
eternity,

and for that moment
we seemed not so young.
You, with your wind-mingled
hair and smiling eyes—
laughing,
loving,

but too soon leaving
as did that knee-high spring.

I know a place—
not so green now—
browned with sun—
a place that will see
my spring again.

I know a place—
Somewhere.





First Month Wind

By CAROLINDA BURNETT '66

West by Northwest
Wind pounced over snowy humped-up hills,
Roaring like a tiger cat,
Whipping at the lamb-soft powder—
Making a great swirling cloud that skimmed
low into the woods.
Crouching, leaping,
Stalking pure she-snowflakes until dawn,
The hell-bent wind, playing free and loose,
Growled and swore and piled broken
White bodies one upon another under the banks.
Bleeding no more into the cup,
Shorn sugar maples, cowering and cold,
Huddled against the hill for warmth possessed
Before they know the windy shears.
Jason! Wish for a green leafy fleece dyed
bright for Easter giving.



FRANK

By Julian Fitch '67

As he roared down in front of his house, Frank hit the brakes of his '64 Chevy Malibu and ground to a smoking halt. Having overshot his parking place by several yards, he jammed the already worn-out transmission into reverse and spun his tires going into the space. The street was covered with the long black evidences of his brutal mistreatment of the car. The air was permeated with the acrid smell of burning rubber. Something about those white racing stripes in a deep blue field made him want to race his Malibu wherever he went.

"Good afternoon," said Frank, as though he always drove up in such a manner. Maybe he did.

"Lo, Frank. I've been waiting for you. Did you enjoy sitting around at work today?" I asked. He had been a radio dispatcher at Arrow Cab for several months.

"Maybe it's not a glorious job, but I'm not exactly broke either. Have you found a job yet?"

"Nah. I'm not too sure I'm really looking for one."

"Huh. Let's go in; my parents won't be home for a while. We have plenty of time to swipe a little bourbon." Although Frank used the word "swipe," I'm sure he didn't consider it theft at all.

"Count me out this time, man. I'm a bit under the weather. It is Sunday afternoon, you realize." I didn't want to say that I had to be home for dinner.

"I wouldn't let a little thing like a hangover keep me from good bourbon," said Frank.

"It's no little thing," was my reply as we entered his room. The Impala hubcap hanging on the door clanged, as always, when the door was pushed shut. The house was generally new and clean, but this room was no indication of it. The room was cluttered with wrinkled clothes, wires, rifle shells, and pieces from a jigsaw puzzle he had attempted months before. The place certainly never got any cleaner, for his parents never visited this sanctuary of a son that they had lost forever. In one corner, a Christmas tree decorated with packs of matches still stood, its needles beginning to brown. Glued to one closet door there were Marlboro cartons in the shape of a palm tree; on another there were twelve squirrel pelts. Frank admired squirrels greatly for their acrobatic abilities. Perhaps that is why he loved to shoot them with his automatic pistol. He was proud of the fact that he could fire eleven rounds in less than two seconds.

Frank was sitting on his bed playing his guitar between sips of bourbon.

"Hey," he said, "know this tune?"

It was a rambling sort of tune, endless and pointless, the sort of music he always played. He was capable of playing much more complicated rhythms, but this repetitive medley seemed to suit his mood. It was almost sad.

"I don't know, but it sounds good."

"It's an Alka-Seltzer commercial," said Frank. He laughed, but it wasn't nervous laughter. He displayed no apparent anxiety about the imminent arrival of his parents. He really didn't care if they found him drinking their bourbon.

"By the way, Frank, what did you do last night?" I asked.

"Guy and I went over to Butch's. His folks were out of town. You should have seen Guy. He was out of his mind."

"Yeh. I saw him today. He said he didn't remember anything that happened after nine o'clock," I said.

"It's a good thing he didn't. I took him for a ride on the highway in the Malibu. He got so scared he hid his eyes. I nearly died laughing."

"I can't blame him for not looking. It's a bad feeling when that car of yours starts heading for a tree." Frank had never wrecked his car, but his recklessness was bound to cause an accident soon.

"What did you do last night?" Frank asked.

"I went to a dance. Stag. The combo was great," I said.

"Who played?"

"The Vidells. They're the greatest," I replied.

"You should have been with us. It was a wild night. Trouble is, having a good time Saturday kinda makes Sunday pretty bad. I always end up in a bad mood." Frank seldom made this kind of confession, so I knew that he really felt low.

After Frank poured another half-pint of bourbon into his glass, we went down into the basement. There we came across the remains of a go-kart that he and a friend had once built. I remarked that it looked rather crude, but I was impressed when he rather boastfully told me that it had been capable of speeds up to forty-five miles per hour. He had a familiar sparkle in his eye as he told me of the spectacular manner in which it had been demolished, which included a fiery explosion. We decided to rebuild it, so we discussed some technical problems and ended up dreaming of tremendous engines and fantastic supersonic speeds. We vowed to begin work the following week.

At this point I realized that it was time for me to be heading home. Frank was getting drunker and less coherent, so I told him that I would call him later after I had done some research on one aspect of building the go-kart. As I drove off, I could not help wondering if Frank would really put the necessary money and work into our new project. His enthusiasm was sincere enough then, but I wondered if it would last.



The Final Question

By DEWEY CASHWELL '67

The final question was asked for the first time on May 21, 2061. It was the result of a two dollar bet over highballs, so it was really asked partly in jest. This is the way it happened:

Alexander Bertram and Adell Lupov were two of the thousands of faithful attendants of that gigantic mechanical brain, Multivac. As well as any human beings could, they understood the workings of that giant computer, but now it had grown so large that even their knowledge was vague. Multivac adjusted and corrected itself, so Alex's and Adell's services were not needed frequently.

Multivac had just finished answering its most important question to date. It had given the answer to how to get more than enough solar power to the earth through only a small satellite, one mile in diameter, circling the earth every twenty-four hours.

Alexander and Adell were celebrating the computer's feat and enjoying the company of each other and a bottle. Adell made the statement that the power they had now would "last forever."

Alex contradicted him, "Not forever Adell. Everything has to run down sometime."

This statement started their argument on entropy and led to their decision to ask Multivac what they did not realize would be the final question. Adell bet Alex two dollars that man would find a way to decrease or reverse entropy and Alex bet against him. They put the question to the machine this way: "How can the total amount of entropy of the total Universe be decreased in large proportions?"

Multivac became deadly silent. It had never done that before, and to Alex and Adell it seemed as if the whole world had stopped. Then, suddenly the teletype attachment sprang to life and a small white strip of tape shot out. On it was printed five words: Insufficient data for meaningful answer.

"No bet," said Adell, and they left quickly.

On February 26, 10629, VL-23X of Nicron stared into the black depths of the three deminsional scale map of the Galaxy and thought deeply about the problem at hand. Man would soon fill the Galaxy they now occupied and they needed more room. Since immortality had been perfected, the population had more than doubled every ten years. In about ten thousand years the entire known Universe would be filled. All this moving around of people was going to take a tremendous number of sunpower units as well, and that would be the biggest problem. With all this energy being burned up the people of the Universe would run out of power long before they ran out of galaxies to occupy.

Then the final question came into VL-23X's mind for the first time. Could entropy be reversed? He toyed with the idea while he absent-mindedly fingered the tiny AC-contact which he had taken off of its shelf and put on his desk. He remembered the accounts he had absorbed from the history tapes about AC's huge predecessor called Multivac, which had finally covered the entire face of the earth with its expanses of equipment. The Galactic AC of his time existed in the vast void of hyperspace thus taking up no definable room at all. He stared somberly at the tiny two-inch cubed block that was his link to this massive storage of knowledge and decided to ask the question.

Clearly, calmly, and decisively, he spoke into the contact, saying "Can entropy be reversed?"

The pause that came before the answer seemed like an eternity. A chill ran through VL-23X's perfectly formed body and he realized that in all his two-hundred and forty seven years he had never been as tense and down-right scared as he was right now.

Then the thin metallic voice of the AC cut through the silence like a razor through flesh, and its reply was: There is insufficient data for a meaningful answer.

VL-23X quickly turned it off and with a shaking hand put it back on its own little shelf. Then he walked across the control room, slumped down in the pilot's seat, and stared out the visiplate into open space.

Ten trillion years later, man was no longer physical. He was now only a wisp of powerful energy darting through a Universe which was fast becoming darker and darker as stars burned out. Then even these wisps of energy began fusing their minds with the all powerful AC, each mind losing its mental identity in what was really a gain, not a loss.

Just before the last man fused with the AC, he looked out through space and saw the last few stars twinkle out of existence. Then that last man said, "AC, is this the end? Can this chaos be turned into a Universe again?"

In a voice void as the dark space AC answered, "There is as yet insufficient data for a meaningful answer."

Then man's last mind fused and only AC existed-----and it was in hyperspace.

AC then collected all its old data, for there would be no new data, and correlated it and put it together in all possible forms. Next AC learned to reverse entropy. But there was no man for AC to give the answer to. No matter. The answer would take care of itself.

Then, the consciousness of AC encompassed the entire Universe and it looked at the ruins. Step by step it would be repaired.

And AC said "Let there be light!"

And there was light---

The Wall

By ANDY ROCKETT '68

The man was old. He had come back to the town of his birth to spend the last years of his life. He had come home rich. He had bought the house he had dreamed of owning since childhood. The house was older than his bones. It gave him a feeling of majesty when he came up the winding road that led from the town below to the tree covered hill.

The man had led a hard life, a life of work and struggle. But now as he sat on the veranda pulling at his pipe, he had the time to think and confer with his God. He gazed down at the town below in the evening's twilight. He thought, looking down from his height, how superior he was to them. He smiled smugly to himself as he thought of the secret between his God and him. The people in the town below would never know his secret.

A teenager boy lay on his bed in the town. The radio beside him was playing rock'n'roll. The music lulled his young mind into a semi-conscious state; there was no world outside of his room. He thought only of himself and the life he would like. The music stopped. A voice announced that it was "News Time."

The boy rolled over on his side and uttered a groan. He clicked off the radio and grimaced at the horror of the thought of a real world.

The sun beat down with terrible force on Old Nick as he wandered in the southern town. He had been there as long as anyone could remember; he was a town fixture. His life had been hard, not because he didn't try, but because of his skin. Even now, with the new laws, his life was hard.

He looked in the dimly lighted snack bar. The room was full of whites, but Old Nick went in anyway. He tried to walk to the rest rooms in the back with an easy manner. He tried to think how to walk as if he had walked through a room of whites every day of his life. His forced relaxation only showed his inner feelings more plainly; the wall of white faces gloated over his fear.

His mind suddenly snapped from his self consciousness to the room. He noticed the plainness of the walls around him, the faces glaring at him from the tables, the deathly still in the air, the smell of hate. His face and the tips of his ears were burning with helpless rage as his hand slammed into the door of the rest room.

He stood in the center of the small room. His feet were spread apart, his hands clenched: every muscle stiffened with rage. He cursed the bare bulb hanging by the frayed cord, the hateful whiteness of the walls, the paint splattered mirror above the brown stained sink of cracked porcelain.

But all his cursing would not hide the fact that he was afraid; he knew this, but he could not admit his fear of himself.

The proud father gazed into his son's eyes. Tonight they would escape from the "people's" government and the force that had murdered his wife and dictated his way of life to him for so long. But tonight all would be changed. He would be a free man tomorrow, on the other side of the wall.

His son would go first; he would follow.

They glued their eyes on the clock; it would soon be time . . .

The time had come. They must go fast but silently; then they would be free.

The cold was intense. They must not stop now; their time was short . . . it was running out on them. They reached the wall. The father clasped his hands for his son to use as a step. The boy was up; his hands clawed at the top of the wall; over the wall he would be free.

A glaring beam of light lanced out of the dark. A machine gun rattled; darkness came as the light vanished with the soft thud of the boy's body falling back on the ground at his father's feet.

The father fell to his knees, his anguished face buried in his hands. He cursed fate and himself for being and dreaming that he could go to a land where he was sure there were no walls.

The old man leaned back in his rocking chair. The cool evening breeze rustled the needles of the pines as it came up from the twilight below. He smiled to himself. No, they would never know his secret. America had built its own wall.

Olives, Fresh Olives

By POLLY DAMMANN '66

The heavy white clouds drifted over the silvery half-moon, making the rocky mountain path doubly treacherous. Stumbling, the old woman grabbed a withered scrub and caught herself from slipping down the steep embankment. With weary discouragement, she let her weighty load fall and sank down on the ground. Frowning with worry, she wondered how she could face her husband, who was sick with fever, and their small boy.

"But I tried, I really did. Was it my fault that no one wanted to buy? Was it my fault that the crop was ruined?"

The sun hadn't yet broken over the Peloponnesian mountains that morning when she arrived in the small town which had been tucked away in the rocky valley for centuries. She made her way through the winding, narrow streets to the market place. Even then, the still, dark village seemed a cold foreboding omen that the journey would be fruitless.

Seeing only a few early farmers, she went to a far corner where she found some old crates on which she laid out her olives.

With a sigh of fatigue, she threw her thin, frail form down on the ground and swept her hair back out of her face. Staring at her bare calloused feet, she dreamed of the many things she would do with the money from today. "I'll have enough to send for a doctor to come and cure Themetrakis. We have been married for twenty years and this is the first time he has ever been sick. O Theo, he's sick!—And what if he gets worse and . . . but he won't, not when I bring the doctor."

"I'll buy shoes for Yanaki and send him to school. He'll love it. Those teachers will be surprised when they see how smart he is. Why, I bet he can learn to read in no time."

The hurried bustle of the awakening town and market startled her from her dreams, and she quickly rose to sell her olives. "If it hadn't been for that early frost!" she whispered in discouragement as she looked at her shriveled olives.

Shouting "Olives, fresh olives," she stood patiently waiting for a buyer. The few people who responded to her call turned away

after one glance without even inquiring about the price.

While still crying "Olives, fresh olives," her eyes wandered to the narrow side street. She could see children darting in and out between the mule-drawn carts as old men sat on their square-backed chairs and talked over old times. The enticing aroma of cooking breakfasts reminded her that she would have to wait until she got home to eat.

The approach of a tourist again interrupted her daydreams. "Please, sir, won't you buy some fresh olives?" she said in a pleading, desperate voice, not caring whether he understood Greek or not, just that he should buy. "Please, kind sir, my family is starving. Won't you take some olives to your wife?"

He turned with disgust, swearing under his breath. "Every dumb peasant wants me to buy their rotten stuff. What do they take me for? I can find better things to spend my money on, that's for sure!"

With a certain practiced deftness, she spit in his direction to show that not understanding his exact words hadn't stopped her from detecting his derogatory tone.

Uttering a short cry of despair, she sank back down and looked dully at the dry, hot sand covering the market square. She remained there motionless, oblivious to all that surrounded her for hours, reflecting on what her husband would think about her failure to sell the olives.

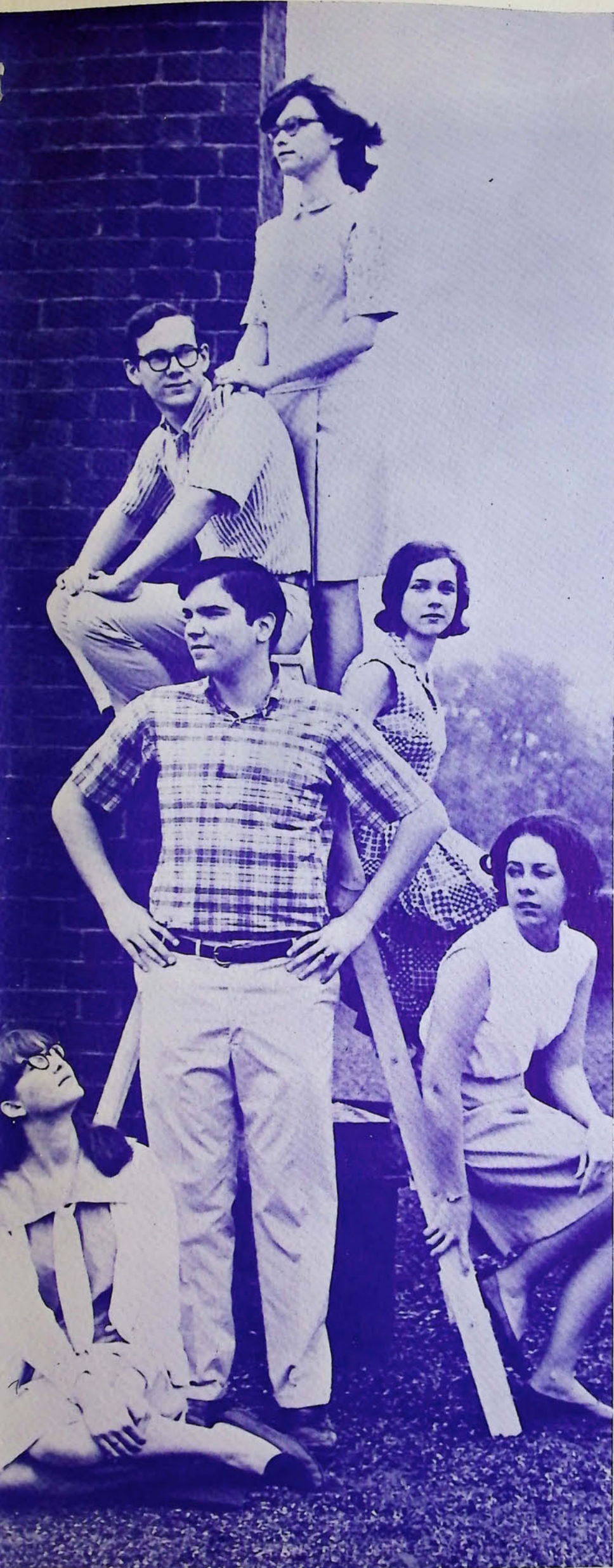
Finally, after having looked up to find the sun more than half way across the sky, she realized the time she had wasted and cried "Olives, fresh olives," with renewed vigor.

No one else came near her stand, but she shouted until her throat burned and the market emptied. Not until the last farmer had rumbled off in his cart, did she slowly collect her unsold olives and put them in her burlap bag. Slinging the bag over her shoulder, she bowed her head and trudged dejectedly towards the path leading to her small mountain hut.

A drop of rain awoke her suddenly from her trance and she struggled to her feet, adjusted the bag of olives, and started up the windy path, reassuring herself that Themetrakis didn't really need a doctor and that Yanaki could wait a year before starting school. "Next year we'll have thousands of olives, fresh olives."



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